ANDROID™
NETRUNNER™
THE CARD GAME

Reign and Reverie

Reign and Reverie, an expansion for *Android: Netrunner*, focuses on each Corp and Runner faction, providing identities and cards that reinforce a variety of playstyles.

Component Overview

Reign and Reverie includes the following components:

- This rules insert
- 156 cards, consisting of:
    - *19 Anarch cards (including 1 identity card)*
    - *19 Criminal cards (including 1 identity card)*
    - *19 Shaper cards (including 1 identity card)*
    - *3 Adam cards*
    - *3 Apex cards*
    - *3 Sunny Lebeau cards*
    - *1 neutral Runner card*
    - *22 Haas-Bioroid cards (including 1 identity card)*
    - *22 Jinteki cards (including 1 identity card)*
    - *22 NBN cards (including 1 identity card)*
    - *22 Weyland cards (including 1 identity card)*
    - *1 neutral Corp card*

Expansion Icon

This icon appears on all cards included in the *Reign and Reverie* expansion.

The Outfit

When Karol reached the new office, he promptly went back outside and checked that he had the suite number right. Maybe he was in the wrong building—this part of ChiLo had so many: short, squat things, a tiny fragment of the size of an ark.

The door opened, and a woman leaned against the frame. "You Karol?" she asked in her retro-styled, pale-grey suit complete with braces and waistcoat. A gold chain ran into one pocket, no doubt where her PAD was stashed. Her jacket was elsewhere, and Karol's mind stumbled over how broad her shoulders were.

Karol managed a nod and tugged at his own tie. His job in SanSan hadn't required a suit and tie, but he understood that things got more formal the further east you flew. "Yes," he stammered. "I'm the new accountant."

"That's great," the woman said, ushering him in. The suite echoed in its emptiness as she led him past old particleboard desks, some with tangles of out-of-date data cords and jacks sprayed across them. "I'm Regan. You'll meet Alphonse later." They passed through the front room and entered another open-plan office, a city of empty cubes. "Any questions about the gig?"

"Y-yes," he stammered, struggling to keep up with Regan's shoulders-first momentum. "I was wondering about the, uh, cash-only nature of my salary. Of course I see the, ah, substantial advantages vis-à-vis tax declarations, but, well, it's hard to secure an apartment in the area without a verified source of income, and—"

"Don't worry about it," said Regan. "You don't want to stay in one of those dumps anyway. The Outfit'll set you up in a nice place."

"That's another thing. I'm not sure who's employing me? My transfer paperwork from BE Finance said something about ChiLo Holdings Ltd., but as far as I can tell, they don't do anything, and then your message was from Ace Real Estate, which I can't even confirm exists..."

"You work for the Outfit, now," Regan said. "Don't worry about it." She nudged him to one side as a pair of workers in grey-and-blue jumpsuits walked past, wheeling a long black-wrapped package out on a rattling old cart. "Fellas," she said. The one in front doffed his hat.

"That's a job that could be done by a bioroid," Karol noted. "Save a few bucks." He swallowed, stammered, cleared his throat. Given how swiftly and efficiently he'd been replaced by a bioroid at BE Finance, he wasn't eager for Regan to get any ideas.

"Don't worry about the bioroid thing," Regan said as she pushed open the door to the corner office—old office, old manual door. "Certain jobs can only be done by a human, you get me? We need an accountant with a certain amount of...creativity."

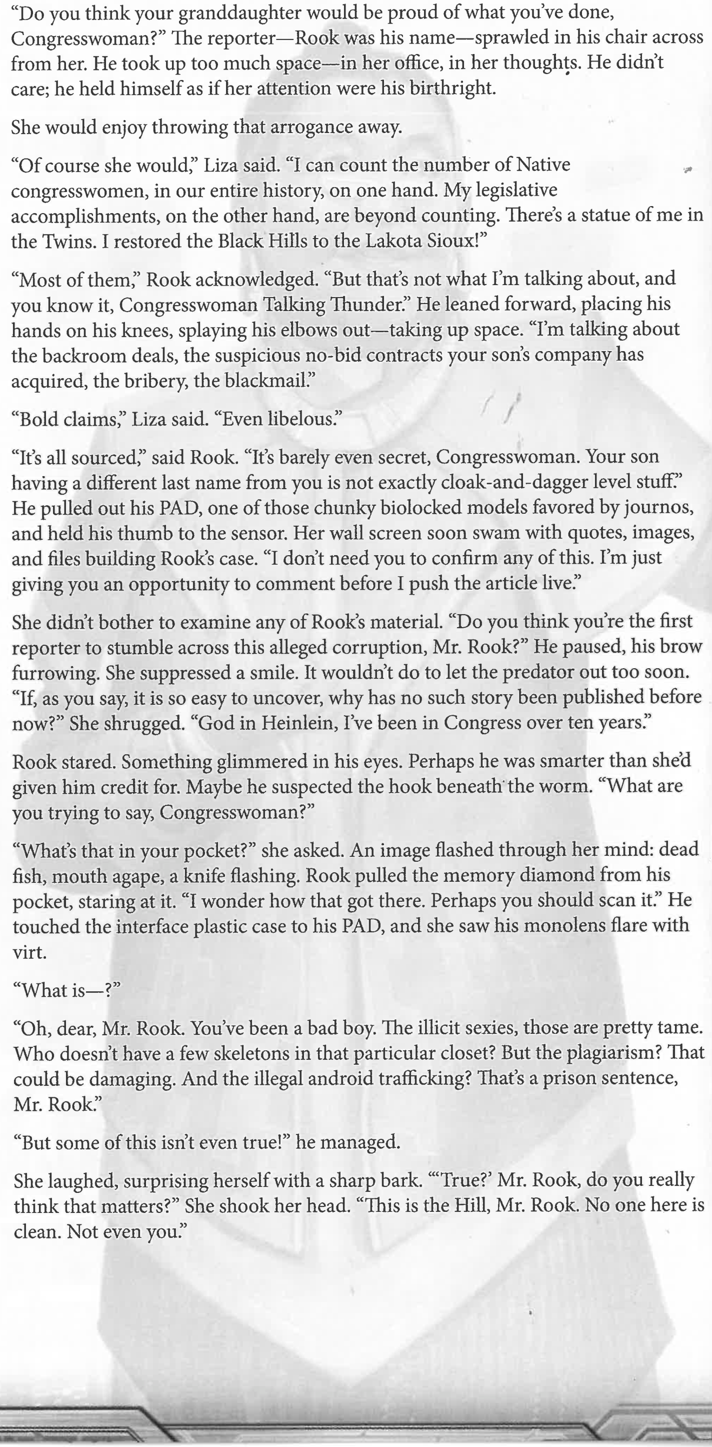
Karol stepped into the office, had time to notice the air-gapped terminal on the old, heavy wood desk before he gagged and staggered back out through the door. "What is that smell?"

"Yeah, I guess the chemicals the cleaners use are pretty strong," Regan admitted. "We'll leave the door propped, give it a few hours to air out."

Karol looked away from his office, from the stain on his new rug. His eyes fell on the snub-nosed flechette thrower hanging from Regan's shoulder holster. "What..." He swallowed. "What happened to the guy who had this job before me?"

Regan clapped one powerful hand on his shoulder and gave a firm squeeze. "Don't worry about it."

Liza Talking Thunder



"Do you think your granddaughter would be proud of what you've done, Congresswoman?" The reporter—Rook was his name—sprawled in his chair across from her. He took up too much space—in her office, in her thoughts. He didn't care; he held himself as if her attention were his birthright.

She would enjoy throwing that arrogance away.

"Of course she would," Liza said. "I can count the number of Native congresswomen, in our entire history, on one hand. My legislative accomplishments, on the other hand, are beyond counting. There's a statue of me in the Twins. I restored the Black Hills to the Lakota Sioux!"

"Most of them," Rook acknowledged. "But that's not what I'm talking about, and you know it, Congresswoman Talking Thunder." He leaned forward, placing his hands on his knees, splaying his elbows out—taking up space. "I'm talking about the backroom deals, the suspicious no-bid contracts your son's company has acquired, the bribery, the blackmail."

"Bold claims," Liza said. "Even libelous."

"It's all sourced," said Rook. "It's barely even secret, Congresswoman. Your son having a different last name from you is not exactly cloak-and-dagger level stuff." He pulled out his PAD, one of those chunky biolocked models favored by journos, and held his thumb to the sensor. Her wall screen soon swam with quotes, images, and files building Rook's case. "I don't need you to confirm any of this. I'm just giving you an opportunity to comment before I push the article live."

She didn't bother to examine any of Rook's material. "Do you think you're the first reporter to stumble across this alleged corruption, Mr. Rook?" He paused, his brow furrowing. She suppressed a smile. It wouldn't do to let the predator out too soon. "If, as you say, it is so easy to uncover, why has no such story been published before now?" She shrugged. "God in Heinlein, I've been in Congress over ten years."

Rook stared. Something glimmered in his eyes. Perhaps he was smarter than she'd given him credit for. Maybe he suspected the hook beneath the worm. "What are you trying to say, Congresswoman?"

"What's that in your pocket?" she asked. An image flashed through her mind: dead fish, mouth agape, a knife flashing. Rook pulled the memory diamond from his pocket, staring at it. "I wonder how that got there. Perhaps you should scan it." He touched the interface plastic case to his PAD, and she saw his monolens flare with virt.

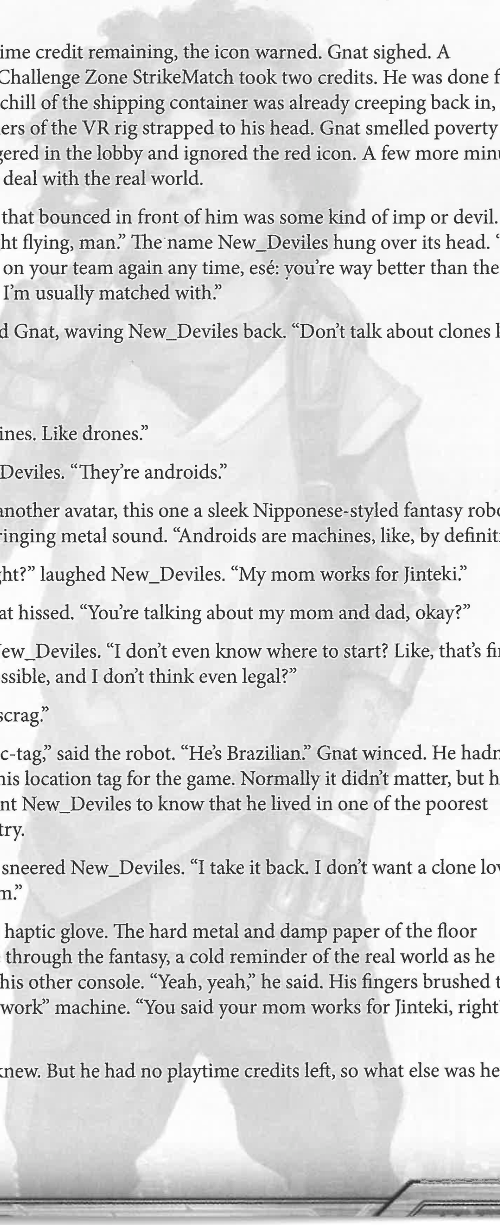
"What is—?"

"Oh, dear, Mr. Rook. You've been a bad boy. The illicit sexies, those are pretty tame. Who doesn't have a few skeletons in that particular closet? But the plagiarism? That could be damaging. And the illegal android trafficking? That's a prison sentence, Mr. Rook."

"But some of this isn't even true!" he managed.

She laughed, surprising herself with a sharp bark. "'True?' Mr. Rook, do you really think that matters?" She shook her head. "This is the Hill, Mr. Rook. No one here is clean. Not even you."

Gnat



"Gnat! On your six!" someone screamed in his ear.

"I see it," Gnat yelled, and he twisted his stick, sending his Challenger into a tight spiral. The enemy craft shot past and in front of him, wobbled as its pilot tried to see where Gnat had gone, then exploded in a bright blue ball as Gnat's plasma torpedoes tore through it.

"BLUE TEAM WINS!" The Challenge Zone faded away, into gridlines and then into the calm sky blue of the lobby. An angry red icon hung at the corner of Gnat's vision as a group of improbable avatars tumbled together, slapping backs and talking scrag.

You have one playtime credit remaining, the icon warned. Gnat sighed. A Champions of the Challenge Zone StrikeMatch took two credits. He was done for the day. The damp chill of the shipping container was already creeping back in, clawing at the corners of the VR rig strapped to his head. Gnat smelled poverty and dirty water. He lingered in the lobby and ignored the red icon. A few more minutes, and then he would deal with the real world.

"Gnat!" The avatar that bounced in front of him was some kind of imp or devil. "That was some tight flying, man." The name New_Deviles hung over its head. "You want to flist? I'd fly on your team again any time, esé: you're way better than the clones-and-drones I'm usually matched with."

"Don't do that," said Gnat, waving New_Deviles back. "Don't talk about clones like that."

"Like what?"

"Like they're machines. Like drones."

"D00d," said New_Deviles. "They're androids."

"Yeah," chimed in another avatar, this one a sleek Nipponese-styled fantasy robot. It tapped its chest, a ringing metal sound. "Androids are machines, like, by definition."

"I should know, right?" laughed New_Deviles. "My mom works for Jinteki."

"Shut it, scrub" Gnat hissed. "You're talking about my mom and dad, okay?"

"Woah," laughed New_Deviles. "I don't even know where to start? Like, that's first of all literally impossible, and I don't think even legal?"

"I'm adopted, you scrag."

"Dev, look at his loc-tag," said the robot. "He's Brazilian." Gnat winced. He hadn't bothered to spoof his location tag for the game. Normally it didn't matter, but he suddenly didn't want New_Deviles to know that he lived in one of the poorest favelas in the country.

"You know what?" sneered New_Deviles. "I take it back. I don't want a clone lover like you on my team."

Gnat peeled off his haptic glove. The hard metal and damp paper of the floor beneath him broke through the fantasy, a cold reminder of the real world as he fumbled about for his other console. "Yeah, yeah," he said. His fingers brushed the plastic case of his "work" machine. "You said your mom works for Jinteki, right? What division?"

It was petty, Gnat knew. But he had no playtime credits left, so what else was he going to do?

Akiko Nisei

Sometimes Akiko lost herself. It happened when she was asleep, or high, or jacked in, or just spacing out in a crowd of people. She'd be flowing, through dreams and memories, some hers. Some not.

It was like a run. Running felt like dreaming, dreaming like running. There was a logic to it; she could make sense of everything, make it all fit together. But that logic evaporated as soon as she woke up, jacked out, memories tearing away from her like old cobwebs.

So was she running, right now? Or dreaming? She couldn't remember. She was lost, somewhere in her own memory. She swam through a flickering and colorful crowd on a Hong Kong plaza-street. This must have been...five years ago? Six? It wasn't long after she'd run away. She'd had to learn Cantonese—it hadn't taken long. Everyone spoke English, but the tri-maf looked down on you if you didn't speak Chinese, too.

This had been a scary time; Jinteki's samurai had gotten close. It was why she'd left Hong Kong not long after. She could feel the samurai closing in on her, moving through the crowd now like hunting sharks. She fought her way to the edge of the plaza, ducked behind a noodle cart as it trundled by. There was a hatch there, to the undercity, to safety. She fumbled with the keypad, pulse spiking, world thrumming around her as blood pounded in her ears. She looked up, saw a bronze-skinned bioroid staring at her. The code flew into her mind and she hurled herself through the hatch.

"Has that happened to you a lot?"

"I suppose."

She climbed through the hatch into Budapest—when was she in Budapest? Right, it had been for about a week. She barely saw any of the city except the clone slums. She was there now, amid a mass of clones and broken humans, a single bioroid, trading scrip for a hot meal, the plastic currency rough in her cold fingers in their fraying half-gloves. She'd known she could trust that soup stand; the one down the way had a grisly habit of "recycling" dead clones into the pot. How had she known that? She couldn't remember.

She blew on the soup in her hands and stepped out of her memories into a humming room, a facility—that was the word, "facility," not a building or a squat or a tavern. Could be anywhere in the worlds. Could be on the Moon. Was on the Moon, she suddenly knew. She'd never been here. She was lying on the hard metal table in the center of the room.

"My memories, this time. A test waking."

"You have a mind." Akiko flowed like water through it, in awe.

"I've always thought so. Under a sufficiently broad definition of mind."

The dream stiffened. Hardened. She wasn't alone in here. The world spun, on its axis, on her.

"I want to wake up now."

The Moon. NeoTokyo, all lights and shadows and flashing color. Mumbad, experienced as a tapestry of smells. ChiLo, a wasteland of heartbreak. Kampala, a tower rising to the—she'd never been to Kampala. Places flickered past, and old friends, old lovers, men and women and yes, even clones.

"I want to wake up!"

"That's not up to me, Akiko."

The bioroid—it was always staring at her, no matter how many memories she flickered through.

"You damn machine."

"We're both androids, Akiko. Perhaps that is why I find your mind so curious. But I think there is something more. There is something about you. Something I do not understand. More than longing for your place in the world; it feels like you are longing for the rest of your own mind."

"Let me go!"

"Does your sister even know you exist?"

She tore the 'trodes from her head, found herself sitting on her bed, in her body, her tiny squat, her shuddering, sobbing gasps filling the stale night air. She stared at the electrodes, at the brain-net and the console, dark and silent on the floor next to her.

It was powered off.

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